

they must see something, handle something, and work their way from the visible to the unseen. It was so in the case of Peter: hence Jesus Christ said, "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter." We are not always to work from the point of knowledge, observe. We are not always to work from the point of understanding. There are occasions in life when our highest powers of reasoning are to be set aside, and we are to become as little children, creatures

of yesterday, receivers only. Those who are blind are invited to put their little hands into the great hand of God. It is as if Christ had said to Peter: "Let the thing be done. Do what I wish. Do the will, and afterwards thou shalt know the doctrine, that external thing which occasions nothing but wonder now, which seems a mere waste of power on my part, shall in due time be seen to have deep meaning, shall become a precious emblem and an inspiring example."

The Children--Thanksgiving

Be Glad and Rejoice

This is Thanksgiving Week, and I trust our hearts are full of thankfulness for all God's goodness to us. If we were to try to count up all the things for which we have to thank God, Thanksgiving Day itself would not be long enough for us to tell all the good gifts that we have received from the hands of our loving heavenly Father.

Good health is one of the things for which we ought to thank God. If we are well and strong, let us remember that it is God who keeps us safe from all disease and sickness. The blessing of good health is one of God's choicest gifts, and yet sometimes we forget to thank him for it.

We should thank our heavenly Father for the food and clothing which we receive. It is God who feeds the birds of the air and clothes the flowers of the field in all their beauty. It is God, too, who gives us our daily food, and who provides the clothing which we wear. The birds sing their song of praise to God, and the flowers send forth their sweet perfume to the glory of his name. Let us also raise up our voices to God in joyful thanksgiving for his loving care for us.

Kind friends are sent to us by God and this is another reason for thankfulness to him. We ought to thank God on Thanksgiving Day for the dear ones who love us, and who make our lives so happy by what they do for us.

The prophet Joel told the children of Israel to be glad and rejoice in the Lord because of the blessings which were given to their country. So we ought to rejoice and be glad because of the land in which we dwell. God has wonderfully blessed our country.

Not only has God given us all these precious gifts, but he gives us the promise of all we need in all the days to come, if only we love him and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ as our Savior. So let us rejoice and be glad not only on Thanksgiving Day, but every day of our lives.

A Thanksgiving Blessing

It is in the Junior League, and more than sixty boys and girls were telling what they would like to have for dinner on Thanksgiving.

"What kind of a roast," said the superintendent, "shall in be?"

Such a chorus as each one said, "Turkey!" "What goes with turkey?"

Again came the answer in unison, "Cranberries."

After that only one at a time could make reply, for the household plans differ. Some would have mashed potatoes, another preferred the sweet. One wanted chicken pie, another scalloped oysters. Some would have mince, others liked pumpkin pie better. So on went the questions and answers, till everything that could be thought of for a feast on Thanksgiving was named.

"But is that all that we really ought to have for our dinner that day?" asked the leader, soberly.

One dear little lad with a bright, thoughtful face held up his hand and said softly, "Why, we must have the blessing, of course."

"But why ask the blessing on Thanksgiving?" persisted the leader.

Then quick as thought came the sweet reply, "Why, we say 'Thank you' to folks for every little thing; we ought to say 'Thank you' to God when he gives us everything we have."

Shall we all say "Thank you" to the bountiful Giver?

Joe's Thanksgiving

MRS. MARY BARTLETT KELLOGG.

Joe Gordon was a manly fellow, willing and obliging, a general favorite, and could beat all the boys in school, whether they tried to jump, run, climb, skate, swim, or compete for a prize, altho he never seemed to try to outdo the others. He was so persevering and earnest in whatever he undertook, that he could not help succeeding. The boys were never envious or jealous, neither did they begrudge him the prizes that he so richly merited.

Joe never bragged over his victories, but said:

"I hope every one of you will win a prize sometime."

Sincere was the sorrow of all his schoolmates, when Joe was thrown from a horse, cheering a political parade before election, and his spine so severely injured that the doctor told him:

"You will never walk again, Joe."

This was a terrible blow to a boy who had always been strong and healthy; but Joe was brave and said:

"I can study on my bed, and perhaps Professor Cook will come and hear me recite occasionally, and may be I will amount to something if I cannot walk."

The boys pitied him because he was an orphan. But Joe was too young, when his parents died, to realize his loss. He lived with his grandmother, who almost idolized him; and very happy were they together.

A small income made them quite comfortable, but luxuries were out of the question.

"Grandma Gordon," as all children called her, was a sincere Christian, fully believing in God's promises. She had taught Joe to do as she had done: "Seek first the kingdom of God," and have faith that "all things shall be added."

Joe used to amuse his grandmother building aircastles, for he expected some day to be a rich man, and give her the best this world afforded. But alas! all was now changed, yet Joe never murmured or complained, saying: "God can take care of grandma, if I can't. Who knows but I may do something yet?"

The boys visited him frequently, and Joe's room was the center for all meetings of importance; and there all questions were taken for Joe's opinion, and usually the boys would abide by his decision. When the doctor gave Joe permission "to sit up an hour or two every day," Joe said:

"Better not, doctor, because I can't help myself much, and grandma is not strong. I don't mind lying in bed, only sometimes I long to look out the window and see the flowers. I can see the tops of the trees from here, yet I would love to whistle to the birds as I used to do, when I could walk," and Joe turned his face to the wall to conceal the tears he could not control.

Doctor Gray's voice was husky and tremulous when he said:

"Joe, I will help you up now, for it is almost three o'clock, and some of the boys will call after school, and can help you back to bed."

The old rocking chair hurt Joe's back, but grandma put her only down pillow behind the sufferer, with his feet supported by a foot-rest, loaned by a neighbor; he was comfortable, and enjoyed the view up and down the street. He also had occasional bows from passers-by, yet he was ready to lie down when the boys came, and told them "the bed is the best place after all."

The boys soon organized a "Relief Corps" and each day two boys helped Joe up; and two others assisted him back to bed, varying the hours to suit his wishes or physical condition.

Thanksgiving Day a "Harvest Home" celebration was to be held in the church just opposite Joe's home. The boys said: "There will be no school Thursday, so we will come and help you to the window in time to see the people go to church, and enjoy the procession, which the members of the Sunday-school are to form, each child to carry fruit or flowers, grains or vegetables, all of which